Lo here weeps HECVBA, here PRIAM dies,
Here manly HECTOR faints, here TROYLVS sounds;
Here friend by friend in bloudie channel lies:
And friend to friend giues vnaduiſed wounds,
And one mans luſt theſe manie liues confounds.
Had doting PRIAM checkt his ſons deſire,
TROY had bin bright with Fame, & not with fire.

Here feelingly ſhe weeps TROYES painted woes,
For ſorrow, like a heauie hanging Bell,
Once ſet on ringing, with his own waight goes,
Then little ſtrength rings out the dolefull knell,
So LVCRECE ſet a worke, ſad tales doth tell
To pencel'd penſiuenes, & colour'd ſorrow, (row,
She lends them words, & ſhe their looks doth bor-

Shee throwes her eyes about the painting round,
And who ſhee finds forlorne, ſhee doth lament:
At laſt ſhee ſees a wretched image bound,
That piteous lookes, to Phrygian ſheapheards lent,
His face though full of cares, yet ſhew'd content,
Onward to TROY with the blunt ſwains he goes,
So mild that patience ſeem'd to ſcorne his woes.

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